Ambo. Was euer Orphanets had a dearer losse?
Du. Was euer mother had a dearer losse?
Alas, I am the mother of these mones,
Their woes are parceld, mine are generall:
She for Edward weepes, and so do I:
I for a Clarence weepe, so doth not she:
These babes for Clarence weepe, and so do I:
I for an Edward weepe, and so do they.
Alas, you three on me threefold distrest,
Proue all your teares, I am your sorrowes nurse,
And I will pamper it with lamentations. *Enter Gloces.*
Gl. Madame haue comfort, all of vs haue cause, *with others,*
To waile the dimming of our shining starre:
But none can cure their harmes by wailing them.
Madame my mother, I do crie you mercie,
I did not see your Grace, humbly on my knee
I craue your blessing.
Du. God blesse thee, and put meekenes in thy mind,
Loue, charitie, obedience, and true dutie.
Glo. Amen, and make me die a good olde man.
Thats the butt end of my mothers blessing:
I marueil why her Grace did leaue it out?
Buck. You cloudy princes, and hart sorrowing peeres,
That beare this mutuall heauie load of moane,
Now cheare each other, in each others loue:
Though wee haue spent our haruest for this King,
We are to reape the haruest of his sonne:
The broken rancour of your high swolne hearts,
But lately splinted, knit, and ioynde together,
Must greatly be preserud, cherisht, and kept.
Me seemeth good that with some little traine,
Forthwith from Ludlow the yong Prince be fetcht
Hither to London, to be crownd our King.
Glo. Then be it so, and go we to determine,
Who they shall be that straight shall post to Ludlow.
Madame, and you my mother, will you go,
To giue your censures in this waightie businesse.
Aus. With all our hearts. *Exeunt, man. Glo. Buck.*

Buck

Buck. My Lord, who euer iourn
For Gods sake let not vs two be be
For by the way Ile sort occasion,
As index to the storie we lately ta
To part the Queenes proude kind
Glo. My other selfe, my counse
My Oracle, my Prophet, my dear
Ilike a child will go by thy direct
Towards Ludlow then, for we wi
Enter two Citi
1 *Cit.* Neighbour well met, wh
2 *Cit.* I promise you, I scarcely
1 Heare you the newes abroa
2 I, that the King is dead.
1 Bad newes birlady, seldome
I feare, I feare, twill proue a troub
3 *Cit.* Good morrow neighbo
Doth this newes hold of good K
1 It doth. 3 Then masters loo
1 No, no, by Gods grace his son
3 Wo to that land thats gouern
2 In him there is a hope of goue
That in his nonage, counsell vnd
And in his full and ripened yeare
No doubt shall then, and till then
1 So stood the state when H
Was crownd at Paris, but at xi, m
3 Stood the state so? no good
For then this land was famously
With politike graue counsell: th
Had vertuous Vnckles to prote
2 So hath this, both by the f
3 Better it were they all cam
Or by the father there were no
For emulation now, who shall b
Which touch vs all too neare, if
Oh full of danger is the Duke o
And the Queenes kindred haut